

5-1-1979

May I have your attention please?

Priscilla Malone

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Office Memo

One Lomb Memorial Drive
Rochester, New York 14623

To

From

Date

Subject

Fred Mayer
Judd William
7 May 79

Thesis Report - Priscilla Corbin Malone

Fred,

I found the writing generally vigorous and generally enjoyed reading it. A few errors are listed on the following page.

The paintings that constitute her Thesis were strong and demanding by contradiction to the delicate technique. I appreciate that. There were a few others I would like to have seen hung also.

I would recommend acceptance of this Thesis

J. 9. 79

FRED,

PRISCILLA SEEMS TO HAVE
ACHIEVED WHAT SHE WAS
AFTER — "ALLUSIVE" OR NOT.

MY PERSONAL RESPONSE
(RE. THE PAINTINGS) IS MOST
FAVORABLE TO THE ^{ONE} ENTITLED 'PRISONER
OF WAR' — FOR VISUAL REASONS
(THE COMPELLING FIG./GRND. RELATION,
WHAT WITH ALL OF THAT OPEN SPACE
ENCOMPASSING THE OBJECT SPACE — IT WORKS!)
RATHER THAN "CONTENT" ONES.

THE DIARISTIC FORM OF THE
WRITTEN THESIS IS WELL TAKEN. (I'VE NOTED BUT
A COUPLE OF GRAMMAR FLAWS.) OK, BEST,

P.S. — I ESPECIALLY ENJOYED THE

Rochester Institute of Technology

A Thesis Submitted to the Faculty of
The College of Fine and Applied Arts
in the Candidacy for the Degree of
MASTER OF FINE ARTS

"May i Have Your Attention Please?"

By

Priscilla Cocks Malone

May, 1979

APPROVALS

Advisor: Fred Meyer
Date: 5/16/79

Graduate Academic
Council
Representative: Fred Meyer
Date: 5/16/79

Dean, College of
Fine and Applied Arts: Robert H. Johnson
Date: 5/17/1979

I, _____, hereby grant
permission to the Wallace Memorial Library,
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or in part. Any reproduction will not be for
use or profit.

Date: 5/16/79

Acknowledments

It would be impossible to write a three-lined "Thank You" to all those who have given me their support and encouragement throughout these past few years. For without them this opportunity to explore and develop my artistic dreams would not have been possible.

I owe special thanks to my loving parents for understanding my needs and being patient with me (again!) in my searchings.

I am particularly grateful to a number of fellow painters and teachers who have been so generous with their time and knowledge.

But, it is to my husband, Thomas, i owe the most. It is from our relationship that i find the inner peace and excitment necessary for self-harmony and the freedom to produce to the utmost of my abilities. Without his love, strength and selfless support, i would not have been able to make it through the two years.

Forward

"We must always apologize for talking painting, for words convey but poorly the quality of communication achieved by the plastic arts. Yet, I suppose we must suffer words if we believe that art is one of the great transcendent experiences in human life."¹

Paul Valery

Preface

Dear Reader:

It is in my nature to place the importance of others before myself, though by no means do i belittle the value of my own worth. This thesis, though a formal essay, is being written in the first person and must follow my conviction in referring to myself as "i", reverting to the upper case only at the beginning of a sentence or paragraph.

I ask that the Thesis Advisory Committee please accept my persuasion.

Introduction

After weeks of procrastinating the inevitable, the time has come where escape is no longer possible -- i must write my thesis! Knowing all too well where my literary talents lie, i became nervous at the mere thought of expressing my work, and purpose as a painter in written form. For it is through my work as an acrylic naturalist painter that i am free to truthfully capture and present my interpretations of, and interactions with, the natural world. Despite my handicap in the literary, i promised myself my writings would equal the level of craftsmanship, sensitivity and sense of humor i put into my paintings.

According to the Graduate Handbook, one of the goals of organizing a thesis is to "break new ground". It should be said that in the two years of working for the master's degree i have done just that. But, it is a personal ground that i have overturned, one that was not so easily broken.

In a self-interrogation concerning my thesis topic i surfaced an instant 'gut' reaction. I want my thesis to reflect my innermost emotions about my work my deep love of nature, and my devotion to her. I feel i have something very important to say, and through my approach to painting very humble objects, i try to pictorially communicate those emotions.

In the pages that follow i will be opening my "self", the painter and the person, so that i may share with you my beliefs. My paintings represent my personal visions brought forth from an inner 'need' to release and express them, and the 'want' to give you fresh insights into very humble objects in our lives, as i have portrayed them through still-life paintings.

In fourth grade, Mrs. Abbot slashed a big red magic marker across my purple-barked, yellow-leafed, perfectly straight tree rendering, explaining that trees are not purple and never pin straight and i was to do it over until i got it right. Three red-magic-marker-slashes later i finally 'colored' it to her approval. Fifth grade gave us no art class. Sixth grade, despite my efforts to be approved, found none of my work ever gracing that one-inch thick cork band above the blackboard where my colleagues drawings hung all year. By seventh grade, with mathematics, science, spelling, even geography a nightmare, i was convinced music was more my style and devoted my high school years to the avid study of music, allowing artistic 'doodles' to flourish on the inside covers of my music theory books.

Then came the big moment -- declaration of one's college major. After five intense years of studying music in high school, i was plunged into my undergraduate years at an all-women's private college in Pennsylvania. With but a thimble

full of art appreciation and with no hesitation, i declared myself an "art major" (after all, i could render fabulous trees by that time, so i was certain they would admit me, regardless of my ignorance of the prerequisites).

And so, not fully understanding why i had done so, yet feeling i must, i entered an art program, despite the school's under-staffed, poorly equipped art program. My training was onerous -- competing against not only those with more experience, but more arduously, with myself. I wandered among the available art courses searching for the one that would give me the opportunity to reveal whatever it was that was churning inside me. I found painting an extraordinary means of expression, a release from the frustrations of inadequate teachers and the annoyance of chatty roommates, a moment belonging only to me. I discovered i could replace the ugly, the wicked, the obvious, in short, the real, with idealistic, romantic reproductions of (and i hate to admit this) abandoned barns, lonely seascapes, a few still-lives of fruit and flowers, all realistically rendered. My fears were obvious, and as one critique after another disgraced my

subject matter and timid technique (weak color, thin applications of paint, small-scaled, poorly arranged compositions, etc..) i retreated further into my private world, not knowing where to channel the energies from the unidentified creature within me. I sank into an even deeper state of frustration, questioning my own abilities and partly admitting the glamorous life of a homemaker was my predestined fate afterall. Upon graduation from college i completely abandoned ship, nestled into the security of my parents' home and found employment as a prestigious -- babysitter! For nearly two years life was easy, secure and content -- three dangerous ingredients toward self-destruction.

Fortunately, fate had other ideas, and through a series of events, i came to study painting under an internationally known Lithuanian artist, V.K. Jonynas, in Queens, New York. He fostered the self worth my formative years had cloaked, and brought faith to my abilities while nurturing my skills. Jonynas was the turning point in my development as a painter. Realizing i had the potential and sensitivity of a painter, Jonynas would tolerate

nothing but total concentration and effort on my part. He would not waste his time on me if i wasn't willing to work hard. He had my complete attention. After all, anyone who can quote Picasso and Matisse from personal conversations is someone to listen to!

Realizing my adolescent mental block² on where to begin this tug-of-war with painting, Jonynas organized still-lives of simple objects before me and taught me to 'read' the compositions, to discover the spatial relationships among the objects in their environment, and, most importantly, he opened my eyes to color; how to see it, 'feel' it, mix it, to represent the humble objects. Perhaps it was his heavy Lithuanian accent coupled with his sparkling genius, that created in me an insatiable desire for his knowledge of painting, so i could at last represent my feelings about life and nature.

Like a child learning a poem or song by rote, i became absorbed in 'copying' the objects in my still-lives; analyzing their structures without fully comprehending their essence. I would battle the technical difficulties. Repro-

ducing a perfect clone of one object i would carry it into the next set-up; because i could paint it, it was safe territory. It was at this point, this quest for knowledge, that led me to the paintings of the great masters, particularly Cezanne. It was his paintings and the writings about him that made me realize i was missing something. "Painting is not the servile copying of objects, but the discovery of the harmony among numerous relationships."³ "One must not reproduce nature, one must interpret it."⁴ Understanding these statements wasn't too difficult. Finding the 'how's': how do i capture the beauty of the objects without copying them, how do i interpret a still-life without reproducing it, were questions my ignorance could not answer. Rather than explore my abilities to creatively interpret the objects in nature, i continued my obedience to a formula of looking and recording, reproducing the still-life someone else, Jonynas, had arranged.

Six months from the day i began studying under him, Jonynas left to visit California. By that time, i had been accepted into the master's program in painting at RIT. In the excitement of preparing for such an experience, i was not ready, or even aware of the emotional shock not having

Jonynas there to rescue me would bring. I thought that by leaving the security of home i would gain the independence and pleasures of a free spirit, attain a great wealth of knowledge, develop a style of painting that would turn the masters' heads and, upon graduation, be wanted as a teacher by every university for my greatness!! Talk about blind romantics, i held the hopes of the best dreamers.

Well, having arrived to the big city of Rochester, quite alone, i looked for the dazzling Emerald City of Oz, and soon realized there wasn't a yellow brick road to be found anywhere! I was free alright, and independent too; i was also scared to death of this awesome city and my aloneness in it. Home was friendly, familiar, peaceful and an abundant abode of love and support. The city was huge and alien and i was certain a brontosaurus loomed waiting for me around every corner. Even the main campus of the school emitted a threatening aura. The architecture of the Brutalist period, reeking of academicism with its massive brick structures, small windows and concealed doorways. The sprawling hills and mountains, tree-lined walks and

the charm of the buildings full of human character of my undergraduate school now lost to this city of students and its concrete classrooms. Why did i ever come to this place?

In the graduate painting studio, removed from the academic atmosphere of the main campus, twelve of us (actually, i counted eleven painters and me) worked on the sixth floor in an RIT owned building in -- the city (remember, this is dinosaur country). Perched high atop the yelping sirens (possibly rescuing a victim of a tryrannosaur) and the hustle and bustle of city existence, i would stare out my window wondering why i was putting myself through this torture! Too proud to return home, too frightened to relax, too new to have made any friends to talk all this over with, and too accoustomed to Jonynas setting up my painting problems to know how to do it myself. As in college, my work reflected my cowardice; small-scaled compositions, 'stiff' paintings of 'tight' set-ups, etc.. An excerpt of my innermost thought from my journal reveal a person i unwillingly admit was me:

"Though i enjoy painting, now that i have four totally free days a week to paint, i find myself

scared. What am i afraid of? My ignorance of the medium and fear of my own creativity? The Impressionists broke from Classicism, Dadaism rebelled against modern society and the machine, Cubism, Abstract Expressionism, every 'ism' said something! What is my purpose here, how will i represent myself?"

Another example of the frustrations harboured:

"Felt disoriented in the studio this morning, confused in my head, sick to my stomach. I couldn't relax or calm down. After aimlessly walking around, Fred (Fred Meyer is the Graduate Painting Professor) and i talked about my tensions and confusions about painting. He put me much at ease."

Let me, for a moment, plant a thought in you, the reader. Have you ever had the experience of presenting an idea to someone, or a few people, only to have them 'suggest' a different way to do it, a different subject or medium to express it in? You might be told such an idea is out of your caliber, etc.. Finally, your idea has been "what if'd" and

"yes-but-what-about..." to the degree that you not only can't remember what your original idea was, but after hearing so many negative responses to it you're not even sure it's worth pursuing. Or, if you did use the advice and suggestions of others, is it still your own creation in the end, or a hodge-podge of suggestions rolled into one? I found myself in that situation. I knew the subjects i wanted to paint, but the thought was given to me (by whom is irrelevant): "are they too cute?" (apples? cute?) I was comfortable and enjoyed painting in acrylics on paper in an almost watercolor fashion but was asked, "have you ever considered oil on canvas?" (what's wrong with acrylic i asked myself. The odor and mess of turpentine is awful) I liked working on a relatively small-scaled surface. "Why not paint bigger?" was imposed on me. Hmm. I began questioning my subject matter, the medium, the size, and, by that time, my abilities. In conversing with Fred i realized though, that advice is something to listen to as a possible springboard to other ideas, it should not be taken to heart. My journal recounts: "...there's nothing wrong with the way i paint, or in wanting to paint apples 'n simple natural things.

Look at what Matisse and Cezanne painted over and over. There's beauty in natural things and acrylic paints. I'm going to continue to exercise my eyes to see and interpret what i'm experiencing in acrylic on paper or however i feel i must. I'm tired of listening to other people who try and get me to paint otherwise. They're what got me started on this confusion trip in the first place!"

My first hurdle that didn't fall when i jumped it! I realized for the first time that i was someone, if only to myself, and was gaining the confidence and motivation to develop into the painter i craved to be. Jonynas had given me the abc's of looking, thinking, painting; now it was up to me to make my own alphabet from it all. As the months in my first year at RIT passed, i traveled the emotional-continuum from rock bottom to elation, while my artistic endeavors swayed from mediocrity to (being my own critic) fair quality, yet always progressing. My personal life began to harmonize with society, the main campus no longer seemed so sterile, and although the dinosaurs couldn't be leashed their preying ground was recognized and avoided. The free spirit i hoped would surface from independence was at last in sight. I had

shed my scardy-cat coat when I came to grips with the environment and myself as someone important, with something unique to offer. Upon realizing that, there came the freedom to explore my skills, the materials, to battle trial and error, touch defeat and victory, to get to the heart of what is before me. The opportunity to explore and develop the true "Self"; the creature that constitutes unquestionably the person, the painter, the artist, the wife and friend which creates -- me, was realized. True artistic expression is now allowed to Be, since the true person was unearthed.

At the beginning of the second and final year of the program, the technicalities in manipulating acrylics on paper to realistically reproduce a still-life were nearly mastered. As a result of continuous explorations into the properties of acrylic on various grades and weights of paper, there was no difficulty in handling the pigment to 'copy' the objects I was arranging. Key word: arranging. Apples juxtaposed in drapery against oranges or bottles could easily have been organized by someone teaching the traditional or classical still-life

composition. Yet this would reek of the mundane and mediocre. The subject grouped smack in the center of the paper, drapery taped, stapled, propped by boxes and forced into tight, unnatural folds to offset the fruit, the background heavy with ultramarines and siennas never hinting of the true environment, fruit polished to a false-looking waxy sheen -- a contrived reality suffocated by triteness.

In searching for the 'how's' of representing and not reproducing my fruits, my feelings swung between stormy self-confidence and uncertain self-doubt.⁵ It seemed so simple when studying Cezanne's work. Their rich colors, contrasting tones, simple compositions, humble objects and his objective discipline to paint a series of perceptions and organize them into a whole was mind-boggling for me, for i could not create my own statement. In the midst of uncreative moments, people will often state they'd wish a light bulb to go on, see the light of an idea, so to speak. I cannot restate the moment my light bulb flashed on in this writing as well as my journal phrases it:

"Painting is becoming an activity i find my whole spirit needs. With each new work i am

overwhelmed at the progression from the previous work, plus the sense of triumph that i am overcoming the hurdles while advancing to new grounds. My eyes are seeing more, more of my subject, the colors, shapes, shadows and more than what's even there. And that is what i need to capture and express -- the 'more' than what is before me, while embracing the essence of what is there. Today i completed my largest work to date, the pears. It is a turning point in my understanding of the subject. To know those pears, the smell, touch, texture, weight, to love what they are -- to capture those qualities - AND - then to remove myself from them, to concentrate on the manipulation of the acrylic as a means of, not only representing, but embellishing the composition as a whole!! The pears became forms that swelled with color, and it was in trying to grasp those colors, tones and values that created the recognizable form of -- pears! Not seeing a pear and trying to copy it. But, seeing first the color and form, representing them and discovering the fruit. It was in this painting that i lost the

emotion of 'preciousness' about it and forced myself to 'push' the paint and color..."

Feeling rather delighted with myself for finally waking up to what everyone had been trying to tell me, i bit the challenge given long ago to paint bigger. Finding 22"X30" paper too inhibiting now, primed canvas seemed the next logical advancement. In the past, working on the white ground of the watercolor papers allowed for rich color by overlapping transparent washes one over the other. The pigments floated momentarily on the surface giving me the time to move it where it was needed, but was soon absorbed into the paper, thus locking it permanently into the weave. Subsequent washes could then be added without lifting the previous layer from the surface. A method i had grown quite chummy with.

Primed canvas, with its smooth, toothless surface, refused to absorb my color washes, so as each layer was brushed on, it would pull up previous work. Humph! A little white paint added to the color should make them stay put. They did adhere but the luscious transparencies of the washes was lost to the opacity created by the white paint.

The addition of gel mediums caused undesirable results. Here i was with the discovery of representation and my medium falls apart! Good thing for those 'light bulbs'. For it dawned on me, primed canvas starts off -- unprimed. Without gesso smeared into the weave, the canvas will absorb anything. Raw duck soon became my favorite ground.

Another obstacle to overcome. Paper, being a flimsy material, had to be supported, or backed, to be worked into. I could smash and thrash my brushes with no give in the surface. Stretched canvas would wobble every time my brush touched it regardless of the tension; i needed an immoveable, sturdy foundation. Stretching and stapling unsized canvas to a large homosote panel was the answer. Applied washes absorbed through the weave could not penetrate the homosote. Moisture was then trapped between the canvas and the panel, retaining the wetness in the canvas i needed to move the layer of washes over the plane. Finally, having the desire to interpret my love for fruit, i now have the means to express it!

"Our modern intelligence, lost as it is

in the details of analysis, cannot perceive what is too simple, or too visible."⁶ Fruit. You see it mounded into loosely stacked pyramids in fruit and vegetable stands, throw it in your lunch box, slice it, squeeze it under pressure until it surrenders every drop of juice. You peel, shred, bite and decorate it. Fruit comes in all sizes, shapes, colors, flavors, textures, complete with vitamins and nourishment, it is relatively inexpensive and how many take a close look at its beauty before gnashing into it?

My obsession with the beauties of fruit becomes obvious when viewing my work. Regardless of its family tree, each fruit is seen as an individual, unique in its color, shape, etc., and is treated as such in my painting.

In arranging a still-life i will use only fruit; sometimes all apples, or oranges, or a combination of the two. I go to extremes in juxtaposing them, contrasting the tones, making the compliments vibrate, the reds against the greens, tipping, turning, balancing, paying great attention to the character and shape of each fruit to capture its essence. I want to show the viewer how new and

beautiful the familiar can be by presenting it as though it had never been seen before. What we need is not the unfamiliar, but the power to realize that the familiar becomes unfamiliar once we really look at it, and that every aspect of the natural world is in its own right splendid.⁷

"Emanuel Kant propounded the theory that the magic of art depends in large part upon the various means which it uses to isolate the thing represented from all ordinary desires and duties in such a way that the only reaction possible to it is pure contemplation."⁸ How is it possible to remove objects of association from a still-life, when at the same time it is intended the viewer relate to the situation? To 'associate' would emotionally steer the viewer from my paintings and into a subjective experience totally irrelevant to the work before him. To 'relate' is meant allowing the viewer the opportunity to identify with the games i have arranged. To give him the freedom to become an empathetic participant, as opposed to a casual observer. Removing these familiar fruits out of bowls and dishes, away from bottles, disentangling them from confining drapery, the traditional still-life composition is

disbanded, and so is the viewer's impulse to subjectively relate the elements in the painting to his own experiences. For example. A painting of a luscious Delicious apple placed on a highly polished table sits beside a hunk of rye bread that keeps company with a wedge of Swiss cheese. A viewer approaching the still-life being reminded of the lunch he forgot to eat, is, come to think of it, getting quite hungry, and continues on his merry way: and a painting expertly rendered becomes nothing more than an appetizing menu! Objects such as tables, plates, windows, knives or any object a viewer can have another association with is removed from my paintings. The fruit is the only important element.

With all else removed but these colored 'orbs' their placement had to be arranged to hold the viewer's attention long enough to pull him into the work. Centrally locating them proved uninteresting. So, they were polarized: one group to the left, another to the right of the center. Spotlights placed just behind each group forced their shadows to criss-cross in the middle of the canvas. The further the spots were from the fruit, the longer

their shadows reached. This was, for me, a disciplinary action to remove the obvious from the center and creatively replace it with something whose presence was equally important as the fruit, but not likely to upstage it. Yet, when the painting was completed, I was instantly reminded of a childhood game. Two groups of children in a straight line, standing apart, facing one another, ready to charge each other's lines (we called it Ring-a-leavie-o). The sun cast their shadows into the field between and behind them. My hometown 'militia', the Park Avenue Army, had returned to battle Fairview's Forces -- on canvas! The excitement this discovery sparked hurled me into creating "games" with the fruit. Nearly everyone played games as a child -- and there was my take-off point for my identifying/relating objective.

With the idea of a game floating in my thoughts, in the still-life painting the discovery of the relationships started with the setting up of the motif (game) choosing, arranging, balancing. This continued and concluded during the painting. The games were never specifically recalled, or

exactly re-staged. What it amounted to in the painting, was a charged confrontation between two or more opponents⁹ with, i hope, a humorous undertone. Each emotional experience posed its own visual problems, demanding its own solutions; each solution contributed to the next work.¹⁰

My paintings became a play on reality. The stems became protective devices for the apples, like a unicorn's marvelous spiraled horn. The navel of the orange like a Cyclops' eye. Now, it is unlikely an apple should ever fire a pit through its stem, or an orange see from its navel. But, it was a fantastical way of seeing 'the familiar' and an element i would utilize often.

Sometimes, an idea of a human act would dictate a composition. For example, when a new family moves into the neighborhood, they are often scrutinized by existing members of the block. Acceptance or rejection of the newcomers into the area is judged on their behavior, normality, and often, their color, by this scrutinizingly snoopy bunch. Using the Cycloptic eye and hot yellow color of the orange, i created the scrutinizers. Five helpless apples, huddled together, their stems

turned away in fear, their shadows cast behind them, are the newcomers, forever locked under the vigilant 'eye' of eleven menacing oranges. The force and power of the oranges is emphasized by their shadows stretching toward, nearly surrounding, and almost spearing the apples. Their size is larger and their color far more brilliant with an almost angry orange glow. I titled this painting as though one of the apples was speaking to its comrades, "Do You Think They've Noticed Us Yet?"

Other times, a title would trigger the theme of a painting. "Prisoner of War" developed from a conversation with a friend concerning kidnapping and people held captive by some force. A prisoner? Of? How about a war? After all, "DMZ" was titled as such, after realizing the scene painted resembled a battleground.

Why not continue the war? By having a group of red apples capture one green apple from their 'army', "Prisoner of War" was created. Red apples, their stems aimed straight ahead ready to advance. Their target: the green apples, whose

stems are also aimed straight ahead prepared to return the fire. The shadows of both 'armies' rushing forward (thus criss-crossing in the center) emphasize their advancement into enemy territory. Though the red apples are outnumbered by the green, they have captured a soldier whose fear and uncertain fate is shown in the stem pointing downward.

Regardless of the subject, object, or game, my handling of the materials is always consistent. The color is always true to the object before me, built up by overlapping transparent washes of acrylic and until i am confident the color is rich and brilliant. The white ground of the canvas is an integral part of the composition. It is never stained with a neutral wash, sized or treated in any way before, during or after the painting. The mass of negative space is left exposed, and the raw canvas is the base for the thin, translucent use of color.

Opening night, Graduate Thesis Show.

My work has one more test to undergo -- judgement

by the public. Curious about their comments and reactions to my paintings, i pretended to be just another observer and did a little eavesdropping. I was thrilled with what i heard. They'd look at these greater-than-life-size fruits and utter a guttural, "eh." Someone else would point out the title and you'd hear a confused, "huh?" But then they'd relate the title to the situation and say, "Ah, I get it!" They would chuckle and discuss it, point out the 'soldiers' and their 'prisoner'. There was a positive response; the viewer stayed with the paintings, felt my sense of humor and appreciated it for that. They didn't have to be aestheticians, art critics, philosophers or educated in art at all. They could just respond and enjoy the paintings. It worked!

For all my elation and sense of momentary victory, four days after the opening of the show, i felt i had failed my purpose as a painter completely, and my two years had been a waste of time and effort.

In a discussion with a faculty member, the question was raised concerning my titles as a necessary aid to the paintings in order for their content to be comprehended and appreciated by the viewer. The question was not meant to be answered, but was asked as food for thought.

For me, the titles were inseparable from the paintings, and were, in fact, created as one. But, did the title become a crutch; couldn't my paintings stand alone without the aid of words or a catchy title? To tag one of my paintings, "Still-Life with Apples" pulls back to the mundane, the traditional: everything i had been avoiding. Yet, when this faculty member challenged me as to the need for my dramatic titles, an old familiar feeling that i was incapable of creatively producing individual, unique works of art returned -- ghosts of all the "Mrs. Abbots" who magic-markered my work to death.

But, thanks, in large part, to a very supportive and loving husband, i overcame this self-doubt. My titles are, i decided, as important to my paintings as the apples, oranges and

shadows. I had done what i had set out to do, the public had reacted in the way i had hoped, and the desire to continue to get to the heart of what is before me and continue to express myself following my personal temperament¹¹ is stronger than ever.

Cezanne said, "I will work without paying attention to criticism or the critics, as a real artist should. My work must prove that I am right." And i agree. If the public had reacted unfavorably to my show it would not have defeated me; the greater part of "I" was satisfied.

Where do I go from here? Forward.
"I have a lot of work to do; it is what happens to everyone who is someone."¹²

FOOTNOTES

¹
Paul Valery, Form, Space and Vision
(Englewood Cliffs, N.Y.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1972)
p. xv.

²
Nicholas Wadley, Cezanne and His Art
(New York: Galahad Books, 1975). p. 25

³
Ibid.

⁴
Ibid.

⁵
Ibid., p. 39

⁶
Lucie-Smith Edward, Art Now
(New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1971).
p. 14

⁷
Eliot Porter, "In Wildness Is the
Preservation of the World" (New York: Ballantine
Books, 1967). p. 11

8
Nicholas Wadley, Cezanne and His Art
(New York: Galahad Books, 1975), p. 25

9
Ibid., p. 56

10
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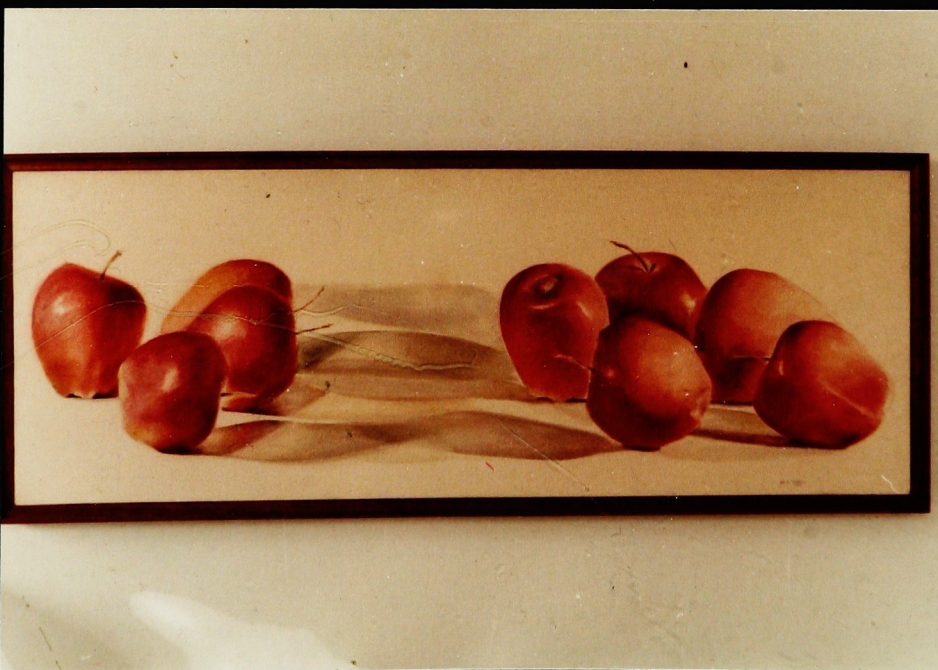
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New York: Galahad Books, 1975

Photographs



"May i Have Your Attention
Please?"

28"x 42"



"DMZ"

11" x 41"



“Prisoner of War” 5' x 7'



Green Army

DETAIL of "POW"



Red Army with Prisoner



"Do You Think They've Noticed
Us Yet?"

5' x 7'



DE TAIL



“FOR B”

33” x 48”